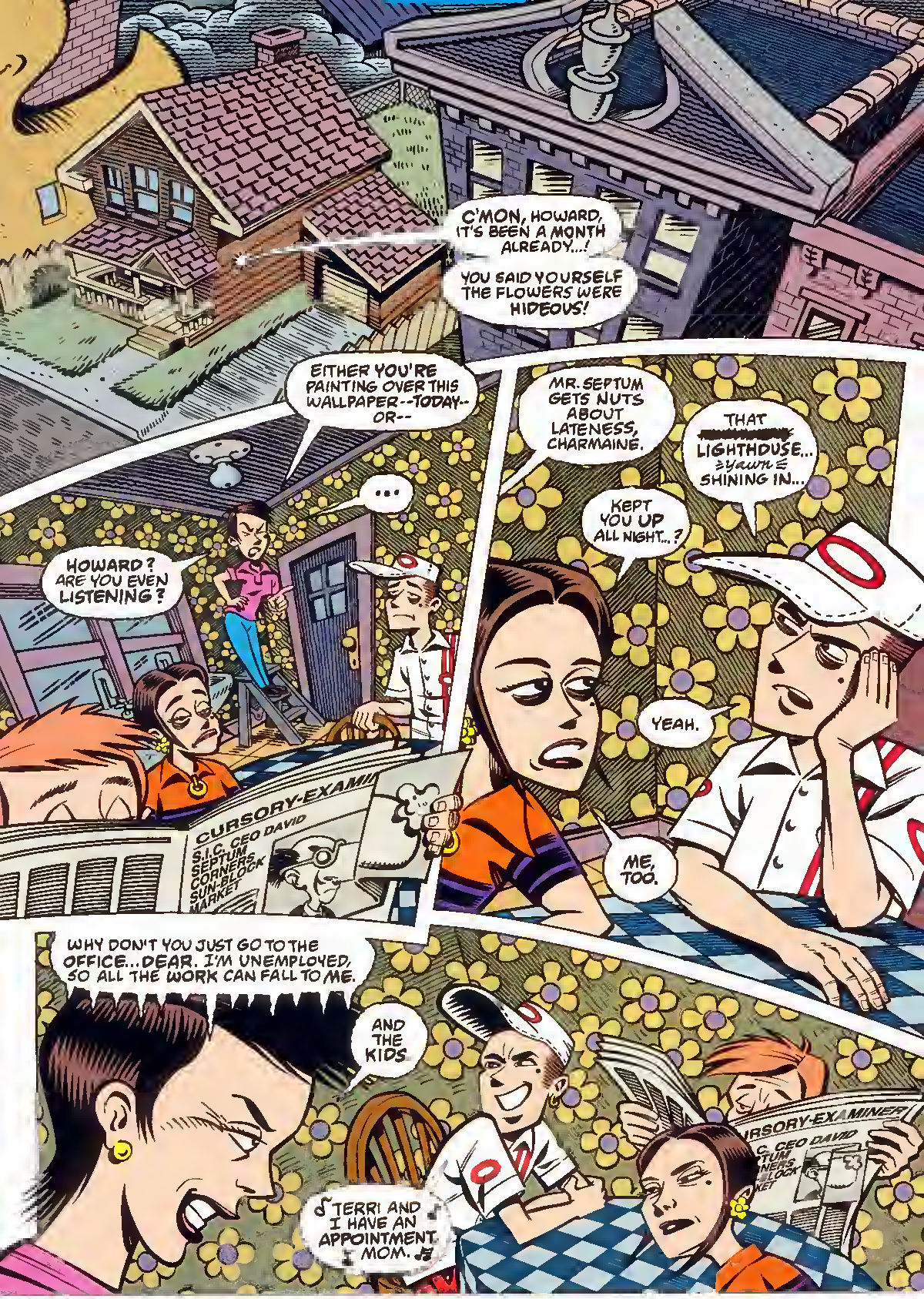
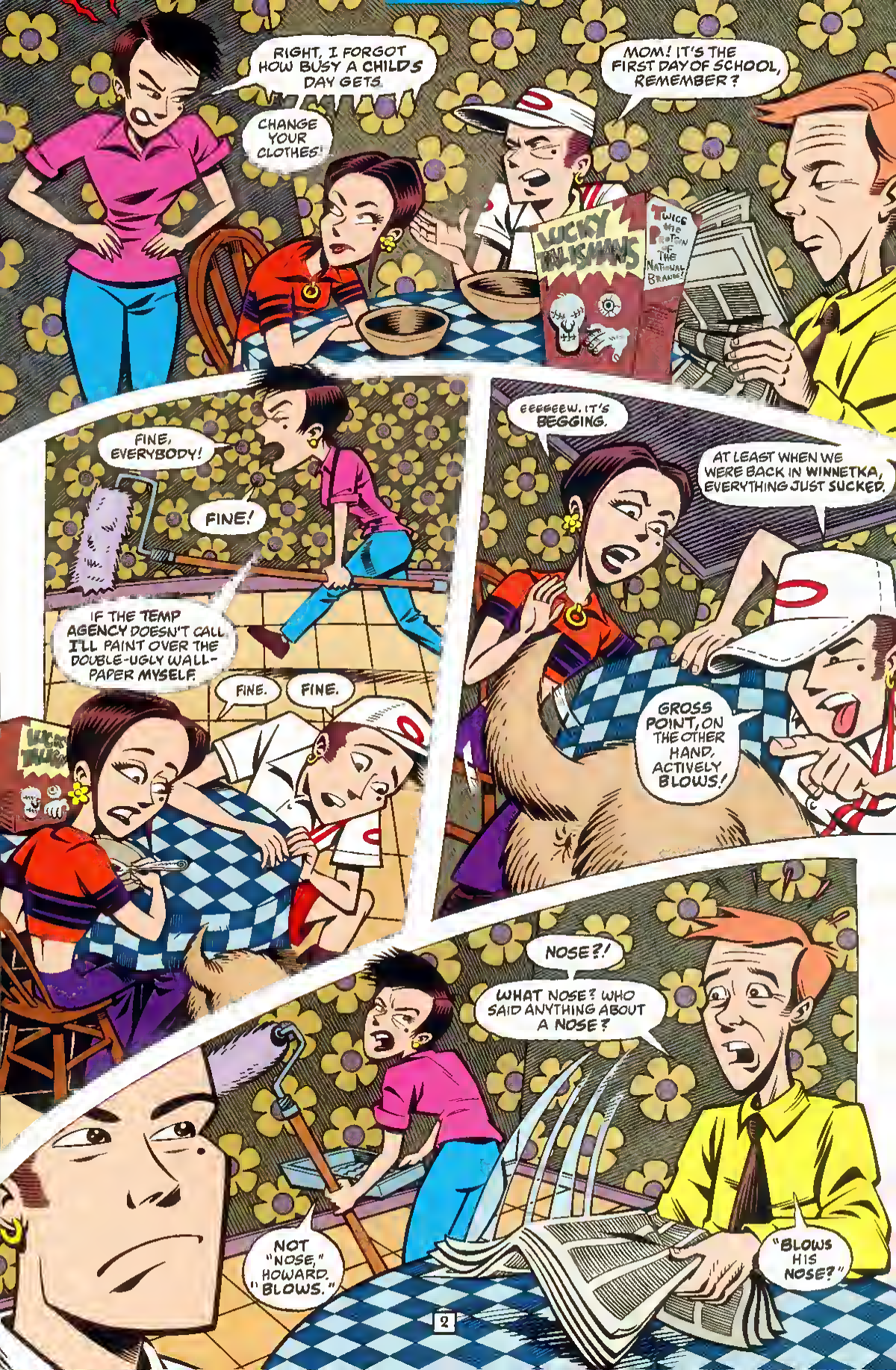
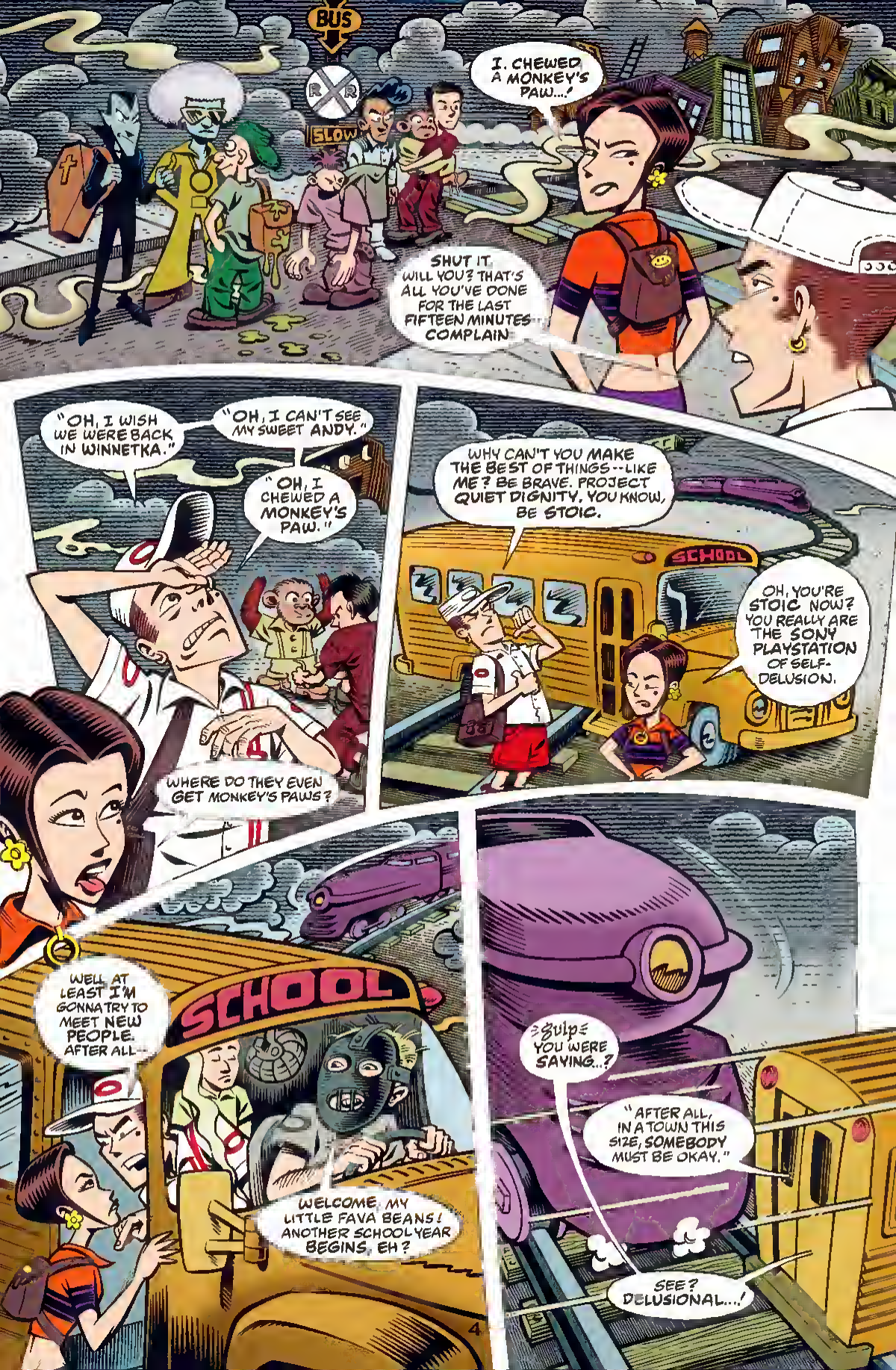

DC
Gross Point
#3
$2.50 US
$3.50 CAN
OCT 97
SPECIAL BACK TO SCHOOL ~~HELL~~ ISSUE!
EDWARD GEIN MEMORIAL
HIGH SCHOOL
WE'RE GONNA BE LATE... STEIN SET OFF THE METAL DETECTOR AGAIN!
TWEEP TWEEP
13 VARSITY 13
DIRECT SALES
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7 61941 21100 8



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RIGHT, I FORGOT HOW BUSY A CHILD'S DAY GETS.
CHANGE YOUR CLOTHES!
MOM! IT'S THE FIRST DAY OF SCHOOL, REMEMBER?
LUCKY TALISMANS
TWICE THE PART OF THE NATIONAL BRAND!
FINE, EVERYBODY!
FINE!
IF THE TEMP AGENCY DOESN'T CALL I'LL PAINT OVER THE DOUBLE-UGLY WALL-PAPER MYSELF.
FINE.
FINE.
EEEEEEW. IT'S BEGGING.
AT LEAST WHEN WE WERE BACK IN WINNETKA, EVERYTHING JUST SUCKED.
GROSS POINT, ON THE OTHER HAND, ACTIVELY BLOWS!
NOSE?!
WHAT NOSE? WHO SAID ANYTHING ABOUT A NOSE?
NOT "NOSE," HOWARD. "BLOWS."
"BLOWS HIS NOSE?"


HOWARD, NOBODY SAID ANYTHING ABOUT A NOSE!
WELL, SEE THAT YOU DON'T, OUR LIVELIHOOD MIGHT DEPEND ON IT.
FINE.
FINE.
FINE.
WHAT-EVER.
MUNCH MUNCH MUNCH
HEY, THIS LUCKY TALISMANS ISN'T HALF--
PTOO
THAT WAS... A... A MONKEY'S PAW...!
JUST GO BRUSH YOUR TEETH SO WE CAN GET OUT OF HERE. I DON'T WANT TO WATCH THAT DOG EAT.


BUS
R R
SLOW
I. CHEWED A MONKEY'S PAW...!
SHUT IT. WILL YOU? THAT'S ALL YOU'VE DONE FOR THE LAST FIFTEEN MINUTES... COMPLAIN.
"OH, I WISH WE WERE BACK IN WINNETKA."
"OH, I CAN'T SEE MY SWEET ANDY."
"OH, I CHEWED A MONKEY'S PAW."
WHERE DO THEY EVEN GET MONKEY'S PAWS?
WHY CAN'T YOU MAKE THE BEST OF THINGS--LIKE ME? BE BRAVE. PROJECT QUIET DIGNITY, YOU KNOW, BE STOIC.
SCHOOL
OH, YOU'RE STOIC NOW? YOU REALLY ARE THE SONY PLAYSTATION OF SELF-DELUSION.
WELL AT LEAST I'M GONNA TRY TO MEET NEW PEOPLE. AFTER ALL--
SCHOOL
WELCOME, MY LITTLE FAVA BEANS! ANOTHER SCHOOLYEAR BEGINS, EH?
=gulp= YOU WERE SAYING..?
"AFTER ALL, IN A TOWN THIS SIZE, SOMEBODY MUST BE OKAY."
SEE? DELUSIONAL...!

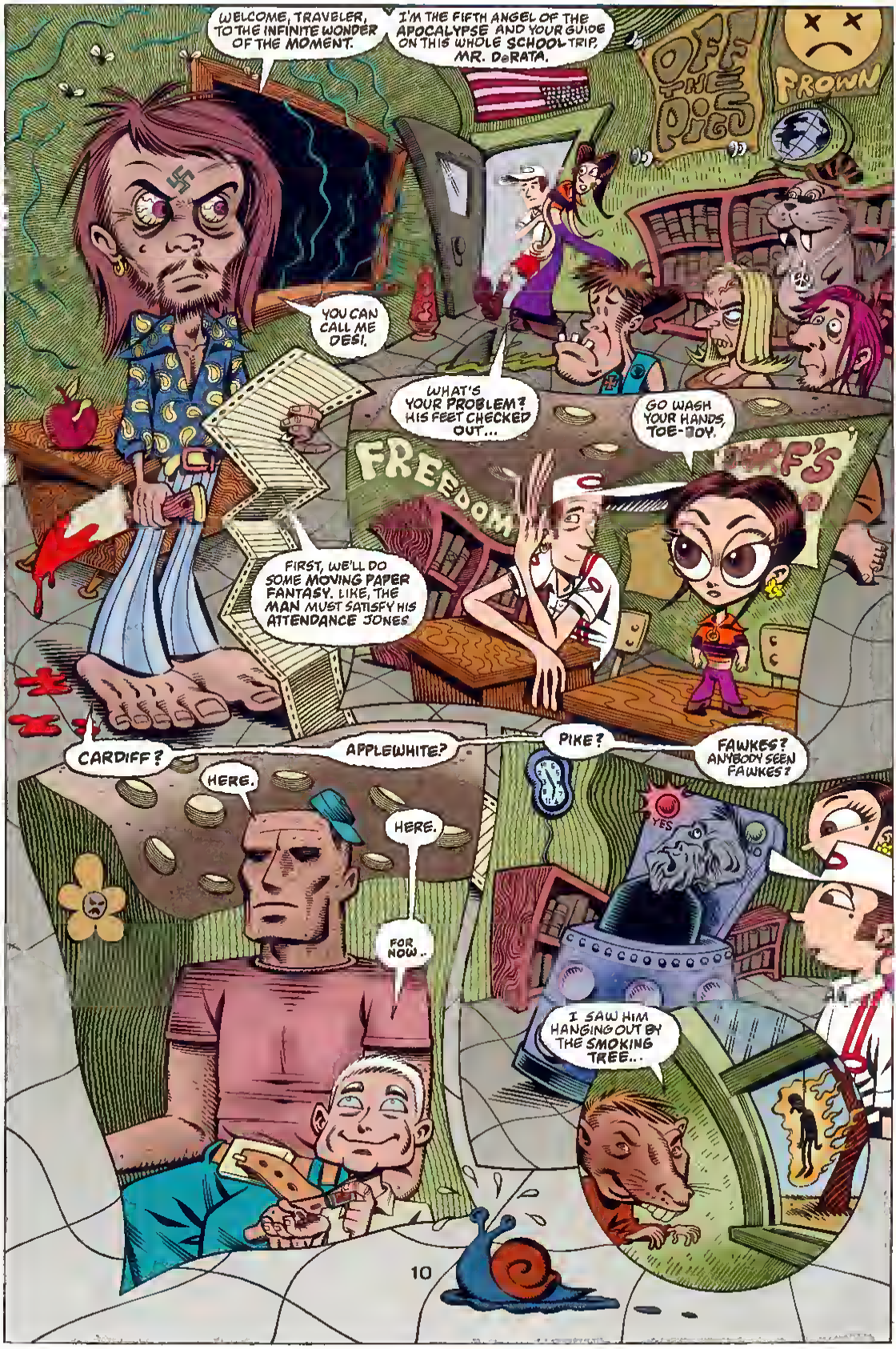

boop!
MR. SEPTUM...!
I -- uh, CAN'T SEEM TO LOG ON TO THE SYSTEM...
SEPTUM INTERNATIONAL
DAMN RIGHT YOU CAN'T. I TOLD YOU -- YOUR NAME IS "PECKMAN," AND HERE I CATCH YOU USING THAT... OTHER NAME AS YOUR PASSWORD.
boop!
boop!
boop!
boop!
boo boo boo
S.I.C
BUT... IT'S JUST A PASSWORD, SIR...
FORGET IT! I'VE PURGED THAT MONIKER FROM OUR DATABASE!
"PICKETT," INDEED! IF I HAD MY WAY, THAT NAME WOULD BE ERASED FROM EVERY -- sniffs -- DATABASE IN THIS -- ahh --
Wipe-X
-- BAHH-CHOO!
WE KEEP IT SMELLING LIKE TEAM SPIRIT AROUND HERE, PECKMAN. GET USED TO IT.
YAAAAHHH
BAAKASH

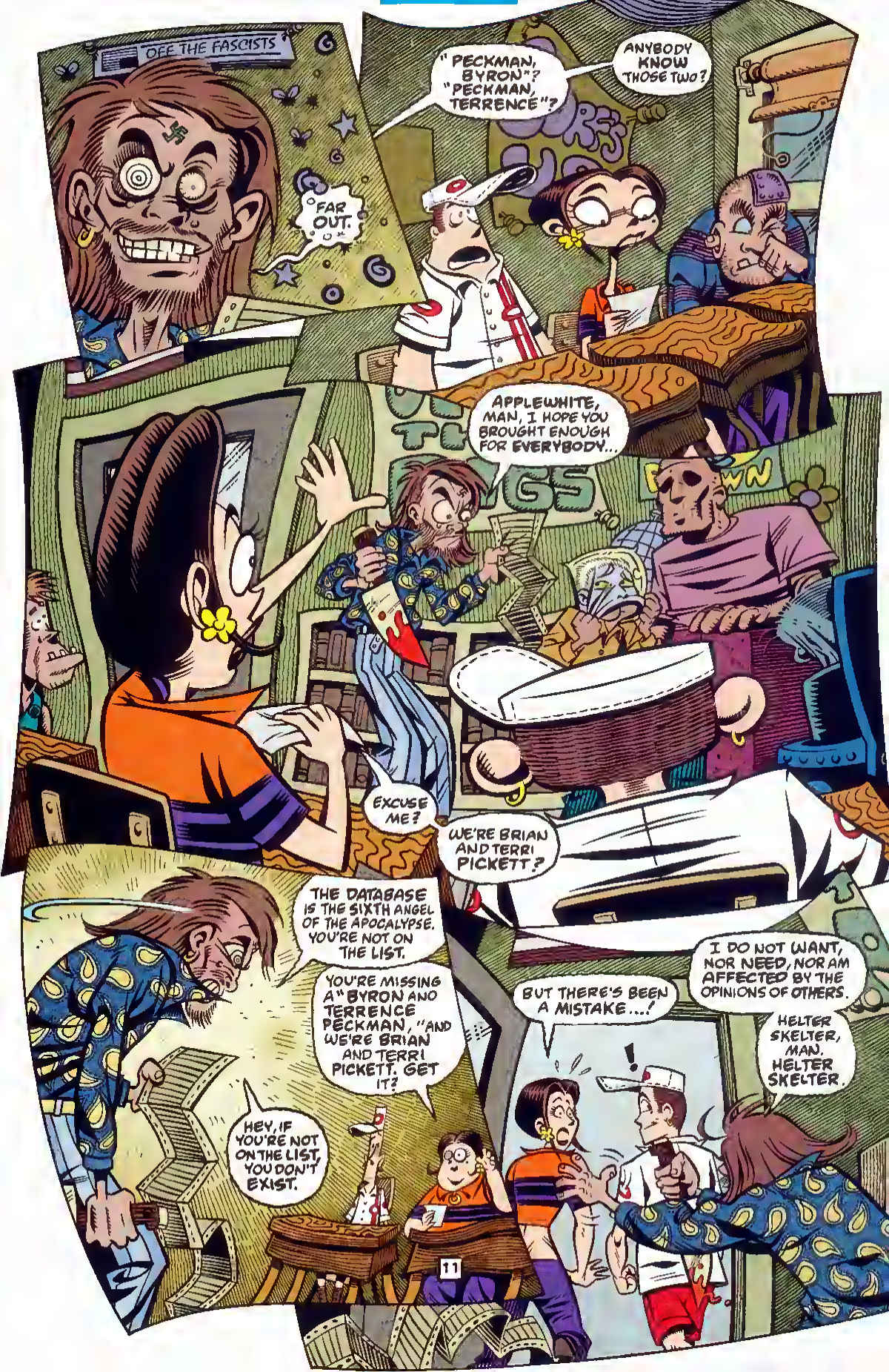

THE NIGHT IS DARK AND I AM FAR FROM HOME
GO SWEETBREADS
EDWARD GEIN
MEMORIAL HIGH SCHOOL
"TO CURE, PREPARE AND SERVE THE COMMUNITY"
WELCOME CLASS OF 2001
CONGRATS SUMMER SCIENCE CLUB ~ IT'S A GIRL!
MATT WAYNE
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ARTISTS
IAN LAUGHLIN
COLORIST
RICK PARKER
LETTERER
MARTIN PASKO
EDITOR
S.M. TAGGART
COVER ART
"SWEETBREADS"?
C'MON, LET'S MIX IN.
I'M NOT READY TO RELATE TO MY FELLOW SWEETBREADS.
6


HEY...!
WELL, I AM--
WHUMP
WATCH IT, [redacted]!
SORRY, MAN. I JUST TRY TO PUT MY HEAD DOWN AND KEEP MOVING.
IT CAN GET KINDA ROUGH OUT HERE. YOU GUYS NEW? I'M MEAT.
DON'T LET ME STOP YOU, [redacted]. MOVE ON.
I'M TERRI, AND THIS IS BRIAN. FORGIVE HIM, HE'S SOCIALLY CLUELESS.
GLAD TO KNOW YOU. TAKE CARE, NOW!
YOU'RE RIGHT, SCROTE-AZOID. IN A TOWN THIS SIZE, SOMEBODY MUST BE OKAY.
IT CAN'T BE THAT EASY...

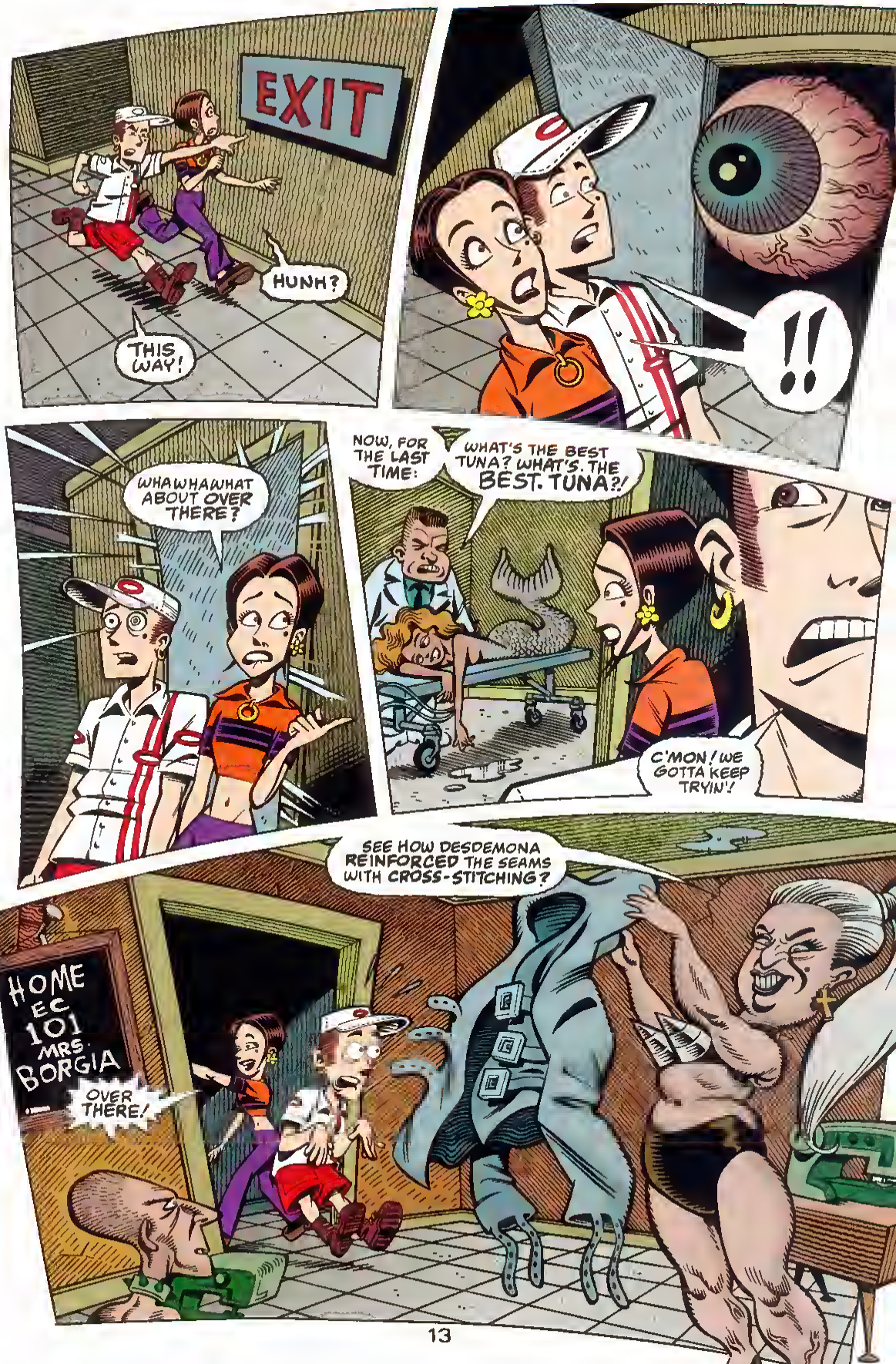

EDWARD GEIN MEMORIAL HIGH SCHOOL
THE LOST BOYS
THE WARRIORS
HEY, MEAT-- WAIT A SEC, WE'LL KEEP YOU COMPANY IN LINE.
OH, HI.
I DON'T BOTHER WITH THE METAL DETECTOR.
I USED TO GO THROUGH IT, BUT I KEPT GETTING JUMPED.
THAT COLITIS SEEMS TO HAVE CLEARED UP THIS SUMMER. GOOD GOING, YALMAR!
MAXI-RAD METAL DETECTOR
SO NOW I JUST USE THE FIRE EXIT.
HEY, "MEAT"..?
EXIT
DO NOT OPEN ALARM WILL SOUND


"MEAT." WHAT KIND OF A NAME IS THAT?
CARROLL METOWSKI. WITH A NAME LIKE "CARRDLL," "MEAT"'S AN IMPROVEMENT.
MY BROTHER DOESN'T THINK YOU'RE NORMAL.
Oh.
YOU'RE NOT LIKE, A SERIAL KILLER OR ANY-THING.?
NO, MA'AM.
YOU CAN'T BE TOO CAREFUL. ESPECIALLY IN THIS TOWN.
WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
...
COULD YOU, UH, TAKE OFF YOUR SHOES?
EXCUSE ME?
I'D LIKE TO COUNT YOUR TOES.
BRIAN!

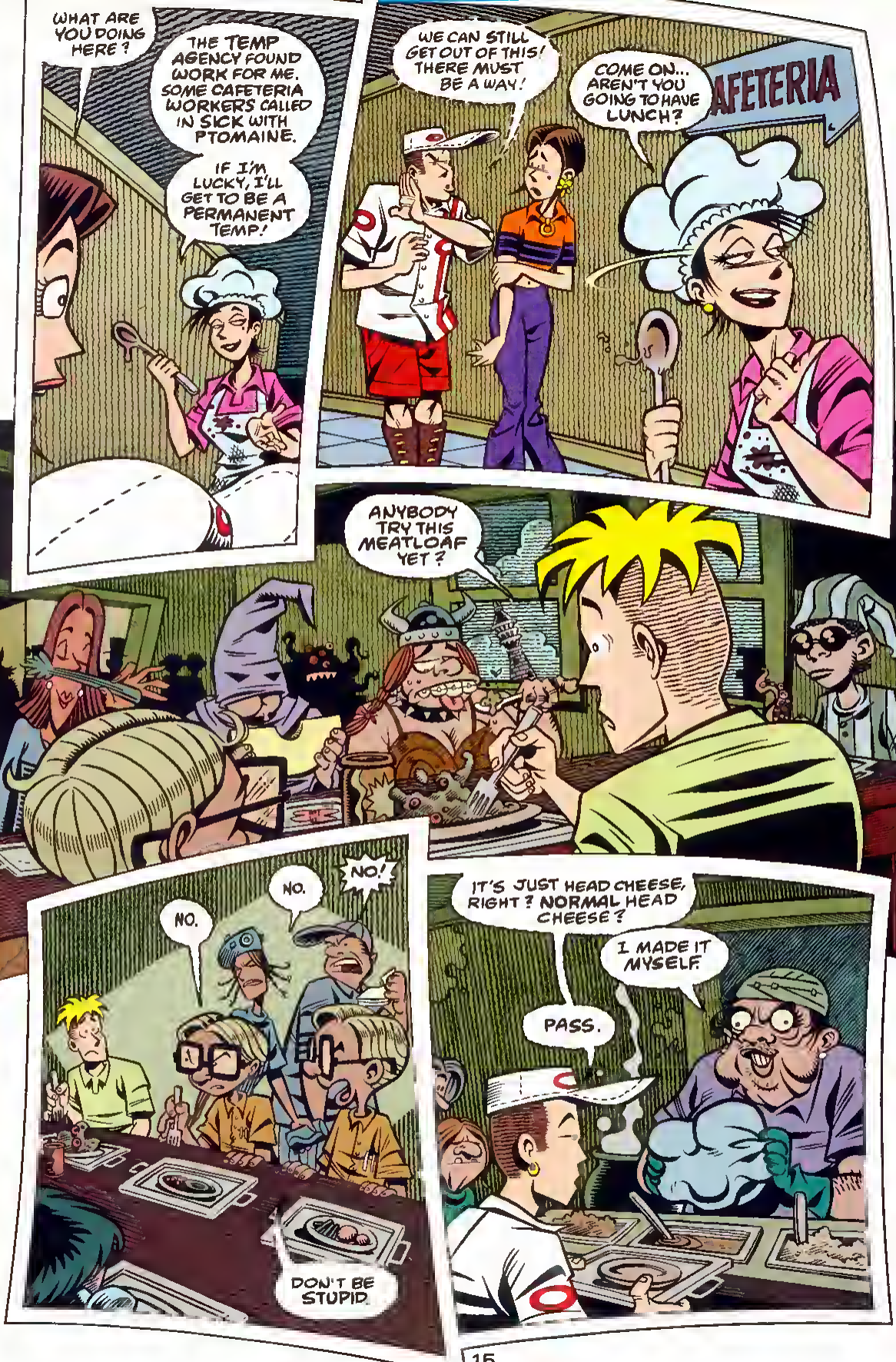

WELCOME, TRAVELER, TO THE INFINITE WONDER OF THE MOMENT.
I'M THE FIFTH ANGEL OF THE APOCALYPSE AND YOUR GUIDE ON THIS WHOLE SCHOOL TRIP, MR. DeRATA.
OFF THE PIGS
FROWN
YOU CAN CALL ME DESI.
WHAT'S YOUR PROBLEM? HIS FEET CHECKED OUT...
GO WASH YOUR HANDS, TOE-BOY.
FREEDOM
FIRST, WE'LL DO SOME MOVING PAPER FANTASY. LIKE, THE MAN MUST SATISFY HIS ATTENDANCE JONES
CARDIFF?
APPLEWHITE?
PIKE?
FAWKES? ANYBODY SEEN FAWKES?
HERE.
HERE.
FOR NOW..
YES
I SAW HIM HANGING OUT BY THE SMOKING TREE...

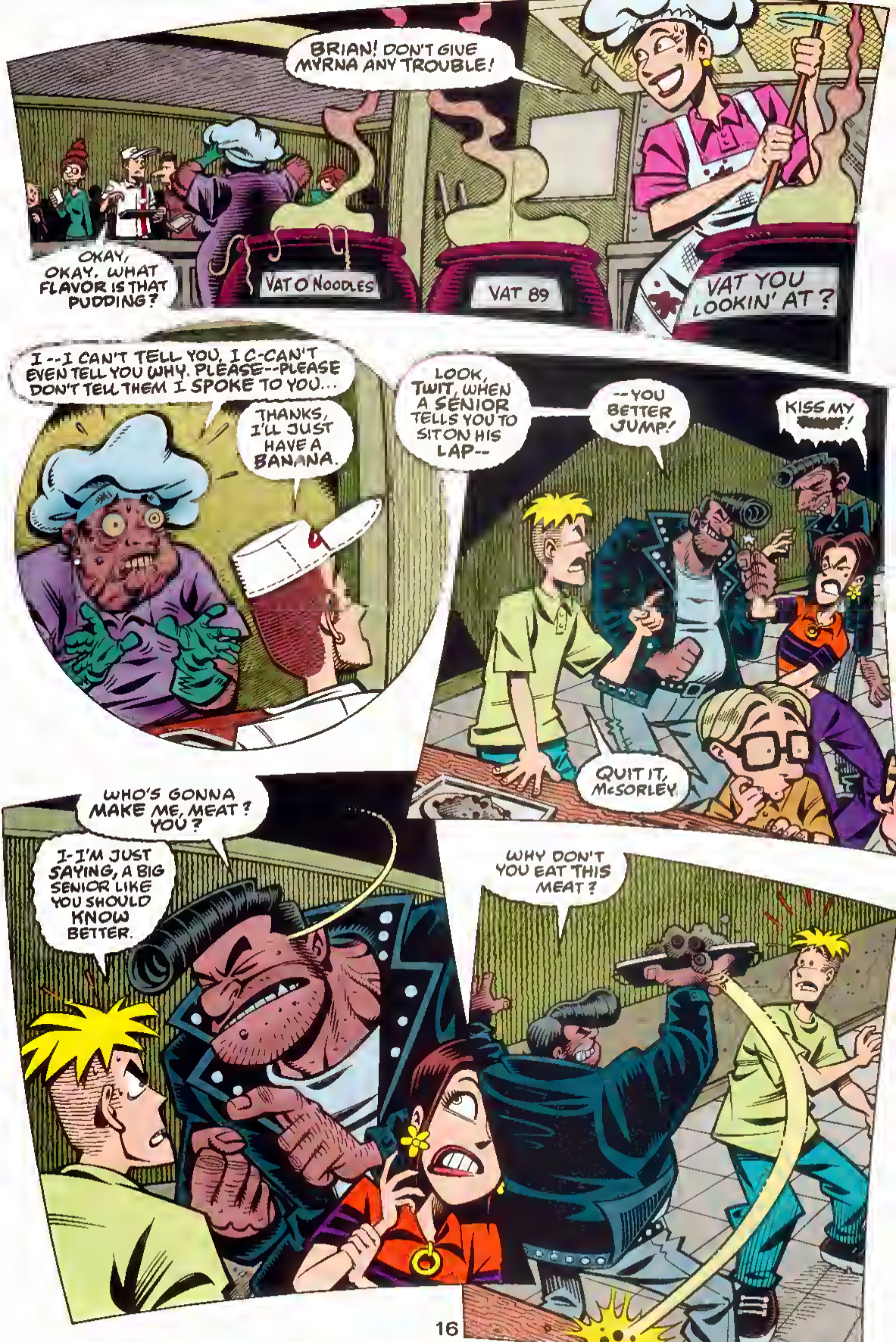

OFF THE FASCISTS
FAR OUT.
"PECKMAN, BYRON"? "PECKMAN, TERRENCE"?
ANYBODY KNOW THOSE TWO?
APPLEWHITE, MAN, I HOPE YOU BROUGHT ENOUGH FOR EVERYBODY...
EXCUSE ME?
WE'RE BRIAN AND TERRI PICKETT?
THE DATABASE IS THE SIXTH ANGEL OF THE APOCALYPSE. YOU'RE NOT ON THE LIST.
YOU'RE MISSING A "BYRON AND TERRENCE PECKMAN," AND WE'RE BRIAN AND TERRI PICKETT. GET IT?
HEY, IF YOU'RE NOT ON THE LIST, YOU DON'T EXIST.
BUT THERE'S BEEN A MISTAKE...!
I DO NOT WANT, NOR NEED, NOR AM AFFECTED BY THE OPINIONS OF OTHERS.
HELTER SKELTER, MAN. HELTER SKELTER.


SLAM
HELTER SKELTER, MY [redacted]! LET US IN!
WE DON'T EXIST!
HUH?
USE YOUR LITTLE PEA-BRAIN! HOW COME, ALL OF A SUDDEN, YOU NEED SCHOOL SO BAD?
I'M TAKING YOUR ADVICE--
I SAID MAKE THE BEST OF IT, NOT DEVELOP AN OBSESSION.
BUT WE'RE NOT EVEN REGISTERED RIGHT! THE SCHOOL--
-- DOESN'T THINK WE'RE SUPPOSED TO BE HERE!
C'MON! WE CAN DITCH PERMANENTLY!
NOT PERMANENTLY-- JUST FOR THE NEXT THREE YEARS!


EXIT
HUNH?
THIS WAY!
!!
WHAWHAWHAT ABOUT OVER THERE?
NOW, FOR THE LAST TIME:
WHAT'S THE BEST TUNA? WHAT'S THE BEST. TUNA?!
C'MON! WE GOTTA KEEP TRYIN'!
SEE HOW DESDEMONA REINFORCED THE SEAMS WITH CROSS-STITCHING?
HOME EC 101 MRS. BORGIA
OVER THERE!

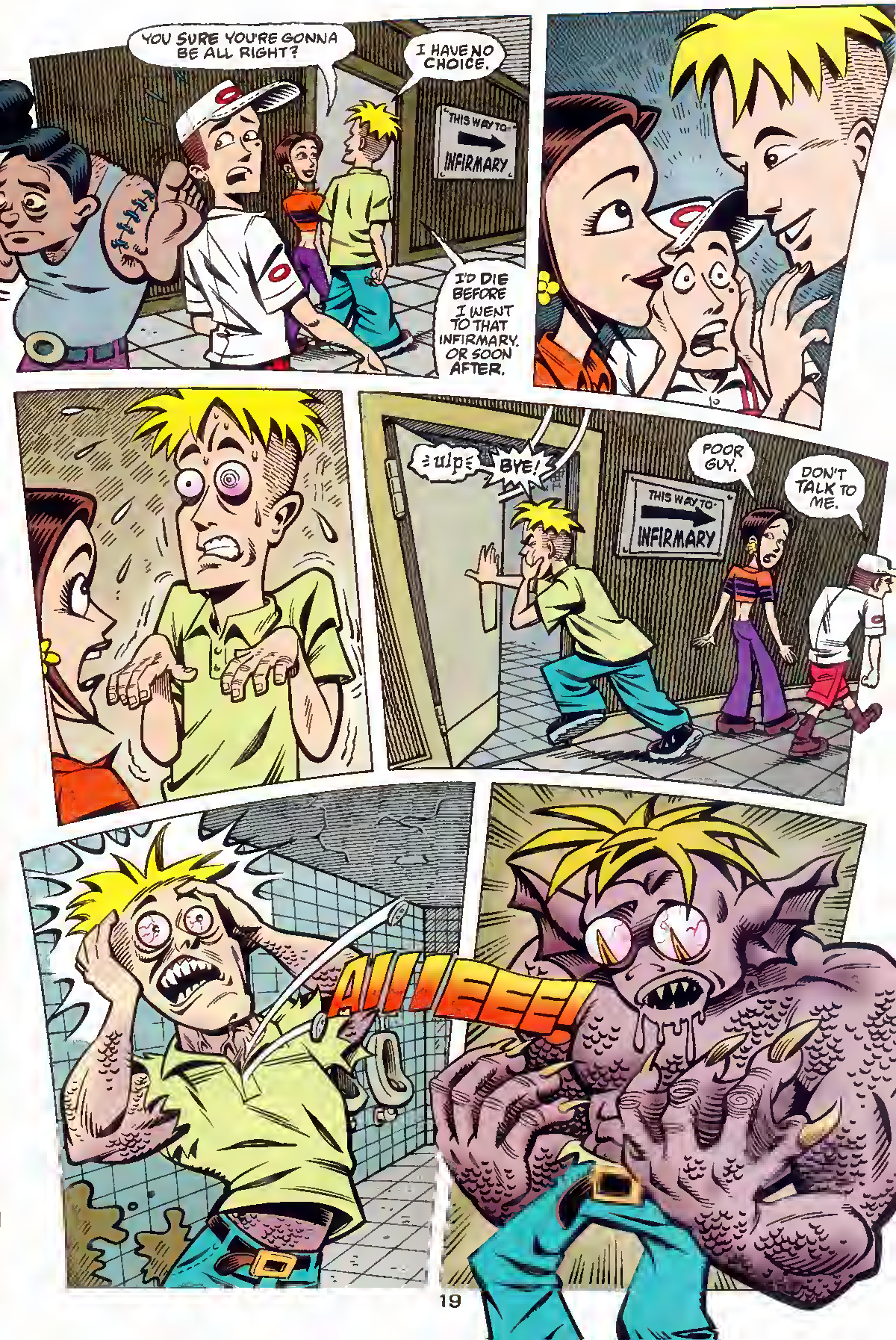

NOW, YOU WANNA MAKE SURE YOU KEEP YOUR SAFETY GLASSES ON AT ALL TIMES...
MACHINE SHOP
MR. SELFINGER INSTRUCTOR
WAIT! LOOK!--
YAAGGHHH!
--THE FIRE EXIT!
FIRE EXIT
YAAAAAHH
C'MON, WE CAN'T GIVE UP NOW!
BRIAN! TERRI!--
--WHERE ARE YOU TWO GOING?
MOM!


WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
THE TEMP AGENCY FOUND WORK FOR ME. SOME CAFETERIA WORKERS CALLED IN SICK WITH PTOMAINE.
IF I'M LUCKY, I'LL GET TO BE A PERMANENT TEMP!
WE CAN STILL GET OUT OF THIS! THERE MUST BE A WAY!
COME ON... AREN'T YOU GOING TO HAVE LUNCH?
AFETERIA
ANYBODY TRY THIS MEATLOAF YET?
NO!
NO.
NO.
DON'T BE STUPID.
IT'S JUST HEAD CHEESE, RIGHT? NORMAL HEAD CHEESE?
I MADE IT MYSELF.
PASS.


BRIAN! DON'T GIVE MYRNA ANY TROUBLE!
OKAY, OKAY. WHAT FLAVOR IS THAT PUDDING?
VAT O' NOODLES
VAT 89
VAT YOU LOOKIN' AT?
I--I CAN'T TELL YOU, I C-CAN'T EVEN TELL YOU WHY. PLEASE--PLEASE DON'T TELL THEM I SPOKE TO YOU...
THANKS, I'LL JUST HAVE A BANANA.
LOOK, TWIT, WHEN A SENIOR TELLS YOU TO SIT ON HIS LAP--
--YOU BETTER JUMP!
KISS MY [illegible]!
QUIT IT, McSORLEY.
WHO'S GONNA MAKE ME, MEAT? YOU?
I-I'M JUST SAYING, A BIG SENIOR LIKE YOU SHOULD KNOW BETTER.
WHY DON'T YOU EAT THIS MEAT?


I SAID EAT IT!
AAGH!
SURLY! NOT THE MEATLOAF MAN!
STAY OUTTA THIS!
AW, MAN, I'M GONNA SPEW!
BLAUGHCK
OhmiGAHD!
MEAT!
unnnh...
THAT WAS <gasp> MARV McSORLEY. THEY <gasp> CALL HIM SURLY.
YEAH. WE MET.
LOOK. ME AND MY BROTHER ARE TAKING OFF. YOU WANNA COME WITH US?
SEE, THEY GOT OUR NAMES WRONG, AND THEY DON'T THINK WE'RE SUPPOSED TO BE HERE--SO WE'RE DITCHING.


BY THE WAY ≥choke≤--
--DON'T-- ≥GAAAK≤
--EAT ≥COUGH≤ THE MEATLOAF.
THE MEATLOAF?
INDIAN SURPRISE.
THAT'S THE BRAND NAME.
THE MEAT-PACKING PLANT WAS BUILT ON AN OLD MICMAC INDIAN BURIAL GROUND.
SO WAS THE ATHA-LETIC FIELD, ACTUALLY.
YOU WERE DITCHING?
AND THE MASONIC TEMPLE.
IF YOUR FRIEND'S STOMACH HURTS, TAKE HIM TO THE INFIRMARY.
THEN GO SEE THE PRINCIPAL AND STRAIGHTEN THIS NAME THING OUT, RIGHT AWAY.
WHOOPS, SORRY, BRI.


YOU SURE YOU'RE GONNA BE ALL RIGHT?
I HAVE NO CHOICE.
THIS WAY TO
INFIRMARY
I'D DIE BEFORE I WENT TO THAT INFIRMARY. OR SOON AFTER.
=ulp=
BYE!
POOR GUY.
DON'T TALK TO ME.
AIIEEE!


I WANT YOU TO DIE.
I SAID I WAS SORRY
YOU AND YOUR [redacted] MASTER PLAN.
YOU VILL SEE PRINCIPAL MENGEL NOW.
COME IN. COME IN, LIEBCHENS.
VAT CAN I DO TO-- uh-- FOR YOU?
YOU GO.
N-N-N-NO, YOU GO.
VUD YOU CHILDREN LIKE TO SEE ARTIFACTS? THIS IS A BAYONET FROM 1940.
THE BLADE IS TRIANGULARLY SHAPED, NOT FLAT.
A FLAT BAYONET VUD MAKE A SLIT-SHAPED VOUND THAT COULD HEAL.
SO...?
WEWEWEWE'REBRIAN ANDTERRIPICKETTANDWE WERESUPPOSEDTOBEINMR. DeRATA'SHOMEROOMBUTHE ONLYHADABYRONANDTERRENCE PECKMANONHISLISTSOWE COULDN'TSTAYANDDON'T KNOWWHERETO GO!


YOU VERE RIGHT TO COME TO ME. A ZIMPLE MATTER.
THIS "PECKMAN" IS CLEARLY SOME SORT OF SLANDER BY ENVIOUS INFERIORS.
QUITE TRANS-PARENT, REALLY. THE CULPRIT MAY AS VELL HAFF CALLED YOU SHICKELGRUBER.
KEEP THESE PAPERS VISS YOU AT ALL TIMES.
VE ARE TIGHTENING SECURITY. TOMORROW YOU VILL CHOIN MY HOMEROOM.
UNLESS YOU'D RATHER BE SPLIT UP..
WELL...
WE'D JUST AS SOON NOT BE SEPARATED.
THANKS, BRIAN.
NO, NOT "SEPARATED"!
--"SPLIT UP."
HUGO, YOU MAY GO NOW.
DANG.


I'M REAL SORRY, BRI. NOT FINISHING HIGH SCHOOL COULD HAVE BEEN GREAT.
OH, [redacted]! YOU'RE FINE. YOU'RE IN THE SAME HOMEROOM AS MEAT NOW.
MORON.
SHUT UP.
HE'S NO ANDY, YOU KNOW.
HEY, HOW MANY TOES DOES ANDY HAVE? DID YOU EVER CHECK?
22
NEXT LICENSE TO FLEE

You're 16 years old. Soon you'll get your driver's license. Maybe even your own wheels. Soon you'll be able to get out of the house more often and more easily. You're on the threshold of exploring your unlimited potential.

But then your Mom and Dad move to Hell and drag you with them. So you're 16 years old and soon you'll be able to get out of the house more. Only now, you're not so sure you want to.

In case you've just joined us this issue, that's the basic premise of the dark farce we call **GROSS POINT**. In this spoof of YA horror — that popular style of fiction that blends teen angst with monsters in the closet — "you" are the 16-year old Pickett twins, **Brian** and **Terri**, whose misadventures as the new kids in the strangest town in America we chronicle in each issue of this new ongoing monthly.

Why Mom and Dad won't just come right out and acknowledge that there is something seriously, disturbingly...**wrong** with their new home — something that's simply not good for children and other living things — Brian and Terri still can't figure out. It's probably because Dad has his hands full with The Employer from Hell and their mom, Charmaine, is too busy trying to find work that will supplement their meager income.

At the moment, Charmaine's hoping her new gig in the cafeteria at **Edward Gein Memorial High** will work out. And if you don't know what we're talking about, you're doing that thing again of reading the text page first. Elsewhere in this magazine you're holding, Brian and Terri attempt to start school as "the transfer students from Illinois." In the months ahead, we'll be seeing more of the fascinatingly perverse and dangerous students and teachers at Gein High — not just **Principal Mengel**, Home Ec teacher **Mrs. Borgia**, or shop teacher **Mr. Selfinger** (pronounced "Selfinjer," not "Sell-finger"), but also students like **Carroll "Meat" Metowski**, who will become the star of our third recurring backup, which debuts in issue #5.

As a result of the misfortune that befalls him in the cafeteria this issue, Meat develops a major problem. From now on, whenever he comes into physical contact with a pretty girl, he will turn into a monster — a totally different, totally unpredictable monster each time! But the ugly's only skin-deep. Inside, Meat's still the same guy, just more anxious. But that's still a lot of anxiety. This does, after all, throw a major wrench in his plans for the prom. Not to mention the rest of his life. For more on the mysterious Mr. Metowski, be with us in issue #5 for the first episode of **"Mystery Meat."**

And in issue #4, we'll meet one especially creepy teacher.

So. You're 16 years old. Soon you'll get your driver's license. Maybe even your own wheels. You're on the threshold of exploring your unlimited potential...and you plan to explore it everywhere on Earth that isn't Gross Point. 'Cause **Grandma Pickett**'s coming to live with you, and she's going to give you her old car! Which is why you're going to be extremely nice to the **Driver's Ed Instructor**, even though he's a ranting, raving paranoid schizophrenic who makes you very, very..."uncomfortable." Too bad about what happens to Grandma, then, isn't it? Be here next month for **"Mourning Becomes Elective"** by writer **Matt Wayne** and artist **Roger Langridge**, and the first installment of our second recurring backup feature, **"Spoiled Rotten,"** by Wayne and artists **Joe Staton** and **Rick Parker**.

And if you'd like to see what you've been missing, you can probably pick up **GROSS POINT #1 and #2** at your nearest comic-book specialty shop. If you want to find out where that is, just call our toll-free **Comic Book Shop Locator Service at 1-888-COMIC BOOK**. As for your comments on this issue — our regular letters column starts next month! — we'll take them by e-mail or the "snail" variety. The addresses are:

"GROSS POINTS, SCARY SUGGESTIONS AND RUDE REMARKS," c/o DC Comics, 1700 Broadway, New York, NY 10019, or DCOGROSS@aol.com!



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